

A New English Word.

ENGLISH soldiers have invented many new terms with French words and phrases interlarded. One of the most remarkable is "napoo," which apparently comes from the French phrase, *il n'y a plus*. At first it meant "enough," "no more." But now it also means "dead," "gone away."

WHEN MOTHER GOES AWAY

There Is No Known Substitute for Real Motherhood.

By William A. McKeever.

Professor in the University of Kansas and author of sociological books.

"MOTHER" gone away to the hospital and father can cook just as good as she can," exclaimed a lusty ten-year-old boy on his way to school. Sickness, business engagement and death are the three factors which either temporarily or permanently deprive many thousands of American homes annually of the ministrations of the mother. As a consequence there is a tremendous deterioration in the health, the morals and the intellectual progress of the children most directly concerned. "When Mother plays out everything else goes wrong," is the way a grown-up daughter stated the case.

Just now, while this is being written, a bright and capable father is advertising far and wide for information that will locate his sixteen-year-old prodigal son. The mother died recently and the boy was heard to say that it just didn't seem like home any more with her away.

It is a desperately hard task for even the best of fathers to succeed long in managing the children alone. One succeeds where ten fail. A certain careful father, during the six years since his companion died, has kept up his regular business and succeeded in putting his boy and girl both through high school. All three are good housekeepers.

Another good father, who started out alone a year ago with the same loss and with seven children to care for, has failed and the little ones are now scattered hopelessly. There is no known substitute for Motherhood, although many have sought for such a boon. But, fortunately, there is a Motherhood instinct in the breast of all good women, and those mothers who have put into service, even in behalf of children not one's own, its affectionate care will work wonders.

Mothering children is a service which should occupy a considerable period of every woman's life. The childless woman must learn to rush in and take up the work left by another who has fallen out of the ranks, and those mothers who have room for one more in their household must fill the place with a motherless child.

Another story will illustrate our idea. Some years ago an eleven-year-old boy lost his mother through death and was left alone with an honest, but helpless father. The boy soon ran amok, and at sixteen had become one of the young toughs of the community. Then a married sister, with two children of her own, seized him, partly by stealth and partly by force.

She put him back into school, sat up nights teaching him, encouraged him—mothering him—until he became a model citizen. To-day this boy is Major S. and S., high-minded, clean, forceful, the commander of 1,200 men and 25 officers of inferior rank. Who can measure the value of this older sister's service to society and the nation?

So the admonition here offered to the Great Motherhood of America is this: See that your best nature has something worth while to do. If you have no children of your own be a mother to the motherless next door. Make out a plan for their care, training, health, protection, schooling—a complete outline that looks toward well rounded maturity and sound citizenship.

No matter whether the mother is hired out to work, is a hospital invalid, is a run-away, or has gone to her long home—*Preserve her place*—but insistently—not with kindness or mere charity—but with a courageous scheme for the entire care and guidance of the little, motherless creature.

Read This Page Carefully—It Will More Than Repay You

Magazine Page

A Primeval Contest of Silence

An Imaginative Myth Originating With the Indians of California

By permission of C. Hart Merriam, in the magazine of the American Museum of Natural History.



Red-tailed Hawk and Turkey Buzzard Are Partners on One Side; Bluejay and Gray Squirrel on the Other.

The imaginative Indian accounts for every phenomenon of nature in some picturesque manner. The origin of the Pleiades, why the Autumn woods are many colored, why the deer drops his horns each year—everything that calls forth a question from the human mind is answered by some one of the thousands of myths found among the various Indian tribes. The California Indians have many stories of the general character of the one here

By C. Hart Merriam.

ONE day four of the First People met and chose partners for a game. These people were Ke-ah, the Red-tailed Hawk, Mah-tah, the Turkey Buzzard, Waa-wah, the Crested Bluejay, and Sek-a-lan, the Gray Tree Squirrel. The game they were to play was Silence, the stakes they put up were their languages. The first to speak or laugh was to lose his language forever—to remain silent the rest of his life; the other side was to win it.

Red-tailed Hawk and Turkey Buzzard were partners on one side; Bluejay and Gray Squirrel on the other. For a very long time they sat facing one another; for days and even weeks no one spoke. They looked at one another and made faces and tried to make each other laugh, but without success. It was very tiresome, and they all grew weary.

Finally, after a very long time, Ke-ah, the Red-tail, said something, so his side lost. His partner, Mah-tah, the Turkey Buzzard, gave up his language to Sek-a-lan, the Gray

Squirrel, and has never spoken since. This is the reason the Turkey Buzzard is always silent.

Sometimes we hear Sek-a-lan, the Squirrel, say "quack-quack-quack"—that is the language he won from Mah-tah.

But Ke-ah, the Red-tail, refuses to let his go. He said, "I am not willing to lose my language; I shall never give up my talk." But Waa-wah, the Crested Bluejay, said he would let it go anyway, and he took it; but Ke-ah kept it, too, and still speaks it. Bluejay usually speaks his own language, but sometimes we hear him say "ke-ah"; this is the language he won from Ke-ah, the Red-tail.

The Hidden Hand

A MYSTERY SERIAL STARRING DORIS KENYON

By Arthur B. Reeve.

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 10.

Cogs of Death.

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HE began to force Doris from the room and, as she struggled, the two deputies seized her on each side. Doris screamed. Upstairs, packing, Ramsey heard, and dashed from the room to the library just in time to see Doris break away from the deputies. While Abner waved the locket and demanded that they seize her again. They did not like the job, but Abner was boss, and they did so.

"Just a moment," interrupted Ramsey, flinging the deputies aside and facing Abner. "What's all this?"

He saw the locket in Abner's hands and leaped for it. In the struggle he got it, just as Verda, hearing the uproar, ran in. Still angry at Ramsey and fearful of Abner, Doris retreated to Verda's

and the two girls threw themselves into each other's arms. "Here, put them both out," shouted Abner, then turning to Ramsey and adding: "And you will get out with them!"

Ramsey turned on his heel and walked over to the two girls. But Doris turned away, refusing even to speak to him.

There was nothing to do if she would not let him help her. Ramsey shrugged, turned and went upstairs to get his grip.

The Girls Have to Go.

Thus at last the grating Uncle Abner had his way. Doris and Verda that night were forced to leave the Whitney house, where they had lived for so many years, and with the kindly old housekeeper, Martha, they took up their home in her apartment, which she opened to them.

The following morning at the home of the housekeeper, Martha, Doris and Verda were seated at the breakfast table when the postman came with a letter addressed to Doris.

Martha brought it in and Doris tore it open and read while Verda glanced at it over her shoulder.

"Dear Doris," read Doris, half aloud. "Do not worry. I have just discovered your father's will. Come to my office at once."

The letter was signed by Dr. Scarey and, as Doris finished reading it, both Verda and Martha hastened to congratulate her on the good fortune that brought her such news at such a critical time in her relations with her uncle Abner.

A moment later Martha brought her hat and coat and Doris prepared to hurry to see her former fiancé.

As she tripped lightly down the stairs and to the street door of the apartment, whom should she meet, however, just entering, than Ramsey himself. For the moment she was disconcerted, but her pride was too great to let her forget the very suspicious happenings of the night before with Verda. She would not speak to him, but with eyes averted, passed out to the street and soon was far up the block, hurrying lest Ramsey follow.

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THE MANICURE LADY

She Freezes Her Cheek and Gets a Lecture on Efficiency.

By William F. Kirk.

"THIS is the first time I froze my cheek since I was a chicken going to school," said the Manicure Lady. "I guess this is really one of them old-fashioned Winters that we used to read about, George. I had a good notion not to come down to business this morning, but then again I remembered that it was the first month of the new year and a bad time to start my old, lacy habits, so here I am, full of pep and frost-bitten to a fare you well!"

"Your jaw didn't freeze none, I notice," said the Head Barber. "If you noticed more important things, George, you wouldn't be here in this shop now," declared the Manicure Lady. "You would be out along the battle front, where heroes are humping up and down their trenches—that's where you would be! I didn't intend to start the new year with a lot of them sarcastic remarks, George, but you kind of drive me to it. A girl's got a swell chance to be kind and gentle in this shop!"

"You don't need to be kind and gentle on my account," said the Head Barber, "if you will only try to be efficient. That's the latest dope all along the line, kid—efficiency. I seen in a magazine where all we had to do to win this war was for every man and every woman to do their work right up to the handle and keep smiling. It didn't say nothing whatever about gabbing, though, which is how things ought to be. Less talk and more work, says I."

"I could get along grand if you didn't talk at all," said the Manicure Lady. "I hope you don't think, George, that I talk to you because I'm dying to talk to you. I only had a notion that maybe it brightened you up a little to hear what a refined lady had to say once in a while. Believe me, I can keep still if that's the way you want things. I won't say another word to you all afternoon. I know when my company is welcome and when it ain't, and if you think talking to you is any grand treat for me, George, set it out of your head!"

"Man saided 'em away," said the Head Barber. "I'll take your word for it, kid. After this you and me will only talk when we gotta. That suits me right down to the ground. The couldn't no better arrangement for me, either," said the Manicure Lady. "Silence is golden, like it says in the works of them great authors, Mr. as Mister Bryan used to say, silence is golden and talk is free silver. Lots of times, George, I have made up my mind not to say another word to you all day, and then I look at you and you always seemed to look kind of lonesome and sad, and then I would forget all about being still and start rattling away again, and now I know I ain't no better, believe me! After this you won't hear a word out of me when it ain't necessary, and I guess it won't be necessary very often."

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The One-Piece Dress

By Permission of Good Housekeeping, the Great Home Magazine.



From Good Housekeeping for January

The skirt is dark blue satin and brief about the ankles. The blouse of rose-mauve silk is charmingly draped, and skirt is generous enough to concede a long swathing sash at the side. The waist shows the surplice line which is so much liked now.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

LET me see; we left off in the last story just as Puss Junior entered the Ice Palace of the North King. Well, in less than five hundred short seconds the Gnome came in, too, for he had waited outside to see that his retainer were taken around to the stable to be fed, you know.

Well, the next thing Puss saw was the crystal ice throne at the farther end of the great hall. And then music began to play, and pretty soon the North King came slowly in with a great icicle sceptre in his hand and a wonderful ice crown on his head.

"Who wishes to see me?" he called out in a loud voice that sounded just like the wind in the Winter time; and then he looked over to where Puss stood by the Gnome.

"Ha, ha! He, he! A cat in boots!" And then that chilly old king began to laugh, and his breath was so cold that it made frosty laces all over the windows and froze the great golden key in the front door so fast that the janitor—oh, dear! I've made a dreadful mistake, for they don't have janitors in palaces. I mean the Royal Electrician had a hard time in getting it out.

But Puss wasn't frightened at all this. No, sir! He walked up boldly to the throne and bowed, and then he said right out loud, just like that:

"Why have you ordered all the food values are measured in terms of heat. The unit of measurement is the calory. The child and the sedentary worker require fewer calories than the grown person and the one at hard or even moderate labor. The child under two requires 1,500 calories a day; from two to five, 1,400; from six to nine, 1,250; from ten to twelve, 1,100; from here the requirements rise rapidly to 1,300 calories a day for the man at hard labor, though the average is around 2,800 for the boy and girl just under twenty and the man or woman who is fairly active. An average "helping" of the simpler foods yields 100 calories of heat. Let each meal consist of fat, protein and carbohydrates. The calory values given with each recipe printed will enable you to plan menus that are right.

Easy Raised Doughnuts. 2,665 Calories.

One cupful milk, one-half compressed yeast cake, four cupfuls bread flour, two-third cupful light brown sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful cinnamon and one-quarter teaspoonful nutmeg, one egg, two tablespoonfuls melted shortening, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-third teaspoonful soda dissolved in one teaspoonful water.

Salt the milk, cool until lukewarm, then add the yeast cake and

Crows in Fairy Land to be painted white?" And this so surprised the Ice King that he didn't reply at once. You see, he couldn't understand his royal order. And I'll tell you something more, which is a secret, too. He was the brother of the King who sat in his counting room counting out his money when that naughty blackbird flew down and bit off the maid's nose while she was standing in the garden hanging out the clothes.

And after maybe five hundred short seconds Puss repeated his question.

"Oh, ah! wait a minute," said the Ice King, for he was flustered, yes, and he was getting dreadfully angry, and his face grew as red as the nose of his wine-cellar keeper, which was very very red, I can assure you.

"How dare you question my commands?" shouted the Ice King, and he stood up on his throne and pointed his icicle sceptre at Puss.

"I am the son of the famous Puss in Boots," replied our little hero, "and I fear no one!" And then he drew his sword and pointed it at the Ice King. Please excuse me—I mean the Ice King. I don't know what that cross old rascal frightened that cross old rascal for. He said in a much gentler voice:

"Why do you ask me this question?"

"Because," said Puss, "I have a friend who is an old black, rusty crow, and he doesn't want to wear a white coat." And in the next story you shall hear what the Ice King replied.

Copyright, 1918, David Cory. To Be Continued.

All Star Recipes

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Cabbage with Cheese. 864 Calories.

One small cabbage, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 1/2 cupfuls milk, 4 tablespoonfuls grated American cheese, salt and pepper.

Shred the cabbage (there should be about four cupfuls), throw it into salted water, and at the end of ten minutes drain, cover with salted boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and leave in a heated colander at the side of the range while you prepare a white sauce by blending together the butter and flour, then pour over it gradually the milk; cook until of the consistency of thick cream, season with salt and pepper. Now add to the sauce the grated cheese and beat hard. Lift the cabbage to a hot vegetable dish, pour the sauce over it and serve immediately.

in one-fourth cupful of it and add to the rest. Stir in one and one-half cupfuls of flour. Let rise until light, then add the sugar, egg well beaten, shortening, salt, soda and the remainder of the flour sifted with the spices. Knead and let rise. When light roll, cut in desired shapes, warm in a moderate oven a few minutes and fry at once in hot deep fat. Roll in sugar. One cupful of entire wheat flour can replace an equal quantity of bread flour.

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MARRIED LIFE

Warren Tells of an Experience Which Makes Him Late for Dinner.